

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 33]

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1805.

[WHOLE No. 137

FATAL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION.

A TALE.

(Continued from page 250.)

IN the course of a few days Mrs. Fitzcary had made the necessary inquiries into the character of our cottagers, which was so much in their favor, that she determined on affording them her protection through their present difficulties. For this purpose, she visited them attended only by her own woman—and being much pleased with the person and manners of Maria, interested herself greatly in her concerns—advised her not to encourage the young men in their visits to the cottage, as it was highly improper that they should be in the habit of coming there during the illness of her grandmother. Maria, whose artless bosom glowed with the pure flame of gratitude, warmly applauded their benevolence—and, with all the simplicity of unsophisticated youth, assured her benefactress that they came there only out of compassion and goodwill to her grandmother. Mrs. Fitzcary smiled, and shook her head, saying,—"My good girl, when you know more of the world, you will not think an old woman the only object of benevolence to young men—I can believe they are sorry for your grand-mother's misfortune—but I do not think, had she been alone, that Mr. Lawson would

ever have enquired into them—as to my nephew, his youth and inexperience may lead him into many improprieties, of which he will not suspect the consequence; I shall, therefore, take upon me to insist on his refraining from coming hither—over the conduct of Mr. Lawson I have no such power, and if I had, I have no wish to exert it—I expect that your reserve and prudence, together with his own sense of decorum, will prevent him from repeating his visits, without my appearing to interfere in it.

Maria courtesied in silence—and Mrs. Fitzcary departed—though not till she had informed Maria that she should send a person to assist in taking care of her grandmother, who was now so helpless as to be unable to move herself. For this purpose, an elderly woman was procured from the hamlet—necessaries were regularly sent from the Priory—and poor Maria again breathed with comparative tranquillity—she resumed her old habits of industry—knit all day, and weeded her garden in the evening. Fitzcary never came to the cottage—and Frederick but seldom—his stay was always short, and his conversation so polite and interesting; that Maria, though she wished to execute the desires of her benefactress, could never assume sufficient reserve to indicate that she was offended at his attentions. As for Frederick, on his first setting out, we have seen that he thought him-

self solely actuated by benevolence—but alas! the sequel proves that vanity, and a love of intrigue, were the main springs of his actions. Maria, though not beautiful, was pretty and interesting—and more to his taste than any female he had seen in that part of the world—add to this, that her extreme agitation on his appearance—which all his condescension could not remove—flattered his pride, and led him to think that he had made an impression on her heart, that she in vain endeavored to eradicate.

The good woman who was appointed to assist, one day urged her rather warmly not to see Mr. Lawson when he next called, or else to tell him that his appearance there subjected her to the censure of the hamlet—which in fact was the truth. Maria, who was indeed heart-stricken, replied only by her tears. At this critical moment Frederick made his appearance—her companion instantly withdrew—and the confusion of Maria increased.—

Frederick pressed her anxiously, tenderly pressed her, to unfold the cause of her uneasiness—Is your grandmother worse?—No. Do you want for any thing?—Oh no. Why then do you weep?—Because I am wretched! cried Maria with an energy of expression he had not supposed her capable of exerting. Wretched! and not confide the cause of your anxiety to one who would die to

remove it.—Words cost nothing, and none knew better than Frederick when, and where, to apply them. A modern fair one, perhaps, might have taken them at their proper value, and rated them for nothing—but with Maria, unhacknied in the world's loose acceptance of terms, they passed for sterling gold.—

My neighbors, (said she, in extreme agitation) have noticed your visits they say I shall lose my character—my grandmother will soon die—and what then will become of me.—I will protect you, (cried Frederick) no one shall either injure or insult you.—Maria shook her head. Am I not your friend, Maria?—I believe you are: but ——— But what.—People say no good will come of your friendship.—Indeed, (cried Frederick, in a tone of vexation) and do you doubt my friendship.

Maria, who just then recollected Mrs. Fitzcary's words, remained silent.

Cruel girl, (he continued) you doubt my honor. Farewel, Maria, when next we meet, you may think me worthy of your confidence.—In saying this, he quitted her hand, which he had before taken, and walked hastily towards the door. Oh, do not go in anger, (cried Maria) if we are to part, let it be without ill-will—I am sensible that I can never repay your kindness, and am therefore the more bound to esteem and honor you—I am sure I did not mean to offend you.

I am not angry, (cried Frederick, returning) and I am inclined to hope that you have uttered the sentiments of others rather than the wishes of your own heart. The tender confusion of Maria confirmed his opinion—and he seized that heedless moment to persuade her that private meeting, as opportunity might offer, would add to his happiness, without injuring her character. She submitted her conduct, with ill-fated confidence, to his direction, and their meetings were conducted so secretly, that no one suspected them.

At length Maria's grandmother was released from her sufferings.

As soon as the decease of the aged cottager was announced at the Priory,

Mrs. Fitzcary humanely gave orders for the funeral; which was conducted in a decent and simple way—poor Maria was by her benevolent benefactress provided with mourning suitable to her circumstances; and as she thought it improper for her to continue alone at the cottage, she offered her a residence at the Priory till such time as she could otherwise provide for her—which Maria gladly accepted, when domesticated in the household of Mrs. Fitzcary, her employment was easy, and her situation in every respect comfortable; the only restraint she lay under was, that of keeping herself as much as possible out of the way of gentlemen; and never, if by chance she saw them, to hold any conversation with them, these injunctions Mrs. Fitzcary laid on her in a solemn and impressive manner, at the same time adding many serious admonitions for her future conduct—poor Maria's cheeks were tinged with blushes, as she listened in silent but profound attention to the discourse of her benefactress—she continued for several weeks to abide by the instructions she had received—to weep unobserved was the greatest luxury she enjoyed; and regret at being denied the sight of Frederick, mixed with the tears which the impulse of nature occasioned her to shed, for the loss of her parent. One delightful evening towards the decline of summer, being oppressed with a heaviness of spirits, brought on by close application to sedentary employment, Maria strolled into the park to relieve the lassitude that had crept over her—Mrs. Fitzcary had a large party in the drawing-room, who were then taking tea—apprised of this circumstance, she flattered herself that she should enjoy an hours relaxation unobserved—she wandered for some time pensively through the rich and picturesque scenery that surrounded the Priory, without seeing a human being—at length, a seat under a majestic oak, invited her attention—she advanced towards it, part of it was concealed from her observation, owing to its being of circular form, and surrounded by a clump of firs, as she approached, she observed a figure reading—her heart beat violently—two seconds more convinced her that it was Frederick—she paused, breathless with expectation, terror, and uncertainty—she looked anxiously around—no living soul was near, this is the moment thought Maria, to thank him once more for all his kindness, and bid him farewell for ever—

this thought was no sooner conceived than it was executed—and as Maria advanced with trembling steps and agitated heart—Frederick raised his eyes from the book, and no sooner saw Maria, than he threw it violently from him, and hastily advanced to meet her—at that moment the restrictions and solemn admonitions of Mrs. Fitzcary rushed upon her memory, and she answered the rapturous exclamations of Frederick with sobs and tears—his tender complaints at being so long denied the sight of her, excited her warmest gratitude—and with her natural frankness she informed him, of Mrs. Fitzcary's commands.

Soothed by his caresses, her spirits became more cheerful, and she related to him without reserve, all the particulars of her situation—in which he affected to find a great deal to pity, and something to complain of—he tenderly insinuated that such close confinement would be injurious to her health; that it was at her age unnatural to expect that she should so strictly abide by the frigid rules of prudence—and voluntarily exclude herself from the society of a friend, so much interested for her happiness as he was—but Mrs. Fitzcary says, my reputation will be injured, cried his artless companion. Ah! Maria, replied Frederick, how little does Mrs. Fitzcary know my heart; and how injurious are her suspicions of my principles—I am your friend, Maria—and, under that sacred name, your character is sure—I will neither injure your reputation, or trifle with your peace—to all these fine professions Maria paid implicit confidence—their walk was protracted far beyond the time that she had intended staying out—and even then they separated with reluctance from each other—and Frederick extorted a promise from her of seeing him again the following evening, if she could make her escape unobserved from the house—which he then entered by a public avenue fronting the lawn, while Maria, by an obscure passage gained her own chamber—without encountering either inquiry or interruption. When alone her tears flowed anew at the recollection of her own imprudence—she pictured to herself the severe and majestic look of her benefactress—frowning on her temerity—but how eagerly did her imagination quit that oppressive subject; to revel on the tenderness, the raptures, the caresses of Frederick—

sleep favored the pretended absent friend—and fancy spread her gay delusions over the imaginations of Maria—She fancied Frederick was leading her through flowery vales and delightful meadows, at one time he was pointing out a precipice that might have been fatal, and at another protecting her from the assaults of danger, at the hazard of his life—the morning aroused her from these illusive visions—she arose unrefreshed, and performed her accustomed occupations with more reluctance than usual—the evening came, her spirits again experienced a most painful degree of agitation; prudence, and the dread of Mrs. Fitzcary's anger, combated for some time the imperious voice of inclination, and might have been finally triumphant—If a soft tap at the chamber door, which was the appointed signal agreed on, had not informed her, that Frederick was hastening to the spot appointed for their meeting: prudence and terror yielded to the wild impulse of desire—she tied on her bonnet, and stole softly from the house—another—and another meeting succeeded: poor Maria was gradually led on, step by step, into the mazes of error—her whole soul was absorbed by the tenderness of Frederick.

(To be continued.)

CHOANG AND HANSI.

A CHINESE TALE.

BY GOLDSMITH.

CHOANG was the fondest husband, and Hansi the most endearing wife in all the kingdom of Corea. They were the pattern of conjugal bliss; the inhabitants of the country saw, and envied their felicity. Wherever Choang came Hansi was sure to follow; and in all the pleasures of Hansi, Choang was admitted a partner. They walked hand in hand, wherever they appeared, showing every mark of mutual satisfaction, embracing, kissing; their mouths were forever joined.

Their love was so great, that it was thought nothing could interrupt their mutual peace; when an accident happened, which, in some measure, diminished the husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love, so refined as his, was subject to a thousand little disqui-

Happening to go one day alone, among the tombs that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady, dressed in the deepest mourning, fanning the wet clay that was raised over one of the graves, with a large fan, which she held in her hand. Choang, who had early been taught wisdom in the school of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for her present employment; and coming up civilly demanded the reason. "Alas (replied the lady, her eyes bathed in tears) how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave? He was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands, with his dying breath he bid me never marry again, till the earth over his grave should be dry, and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will, and endeavoring to dry it with my fan,

I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, though his grave should even take up four days in drying."

Choang, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married, but concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home; adding that he had a wife, who might be capable of giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest were returned, he imparted to Hansi in private, what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness, that such might be his own case, if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hansi's resentment at so unkind a suspicion.

As her passion for him was not only great, but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns and exclamations, to chide his suspicions; the widow herself was inveighed against; and Hansi resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who like her, could be guilty of such barefaced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy; however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging, for Choang was not disposed to resist and Hansi would have her way.

The widow had scarce been gone an hour, when an old disciple of Choang's whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the

most honorable seat at supper, and wine began to circulate with great freedom. Choang and Hansi exhibited open marks of mutual tenderness and unfeigned reconciliation; nothing could equal their apparent happiness; so fond a husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold without regretting their own infelicity; when lo! their happiness was at once disturbed by a most fatal accident. Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit on the floor. Every method was used, but in vain for his recovery. Hansi was at first inconsolable for her husband's death: After some hours, however, she found spirits to read his last will. The ensuing day she began to moralise and talk wisdom; the next day she was able to comfort the young disciple; and on the third, to shorten a long story they both agreed to be married.

There was now no longer mourning in the apartments; the body of Choang was thrust into an old coffin and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattended until the time prescribed by law for his interment.

In the mean time, Hansi and the young disciple were arrayed in the most magnificent habits; the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers that reached to his middle. The hour of his nuptials was arrived; the whole family sympathised with their approaching happiness; the apartments were brightened up with a light that diffused the most exquisite perfumes, and a lustre more bright than noon-day.

The lady expected her youthful lover in an inner apartment, with impatience! when his servant approaching with terror in his countenance, informed her that his master was fallen into a fit, which would certainly be mortal, unless the heart of a man lately dead, could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarce waited to the end of his story, when tucking up his clothes she ran with a mattock in her hand to the coffin where Choang lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband, as a cure for the living.

She therefore struck the lid with the utmost violence; in a few blows the coffin flew open, when the body which to all appearance had been dead began to move. Terrified at the sight, Hansi

dropped the mattock, and Choang walked out astonished at his own situation, his wife's unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprise. He went among the apartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendor. He was not long in suspense before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he became insensible.

He could scarce believe what they told him, and went in pursuit of Hansi herself, in order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity. But she prevented his reproaches; he found her weltering in blood; for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

Choang, being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations; he thought it best to bear his loss with serenity; so, mending up the old coffin where he had laid himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room; and, unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he, the same night married the widow with the large fat.

As they were both apprized of the foibles of each other before hand, they knew how to excuse them after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquility, and not expecting to find rapture, they make shift to find contentment.

ANGER AND ENVY CONTRASTED.

ANGER is less reasonable and more sincere than envy. Anger breaks out abruptly; envy is a great prefacer: anger wishes to be understood at once: envy is fond of remote hints and ambiguities; but obscure as its oracles are, it never ceases to deliver them till they are perfectly comprehended: anger repeats the same circumstances over again; envy invents new ones at every fresh recital: anger gives a broken, vehement, and interrupted narrative; envy tells a more consistent, and more probable, though a falser tale: anger is excessively imprudent, for it is impatient to disclose every thing it knows; envy is discreet, for it has a great deal to hide: anger never consults times or seasons; envy waits for the

lucky moment when the wound it meditates may be made the most exquisitely painful, and the most incurably deep: anger uses more invective; envy does more mischief.

Simple anger soon runs itself out of breath, and is exhausted at the end of its tale; but it is for that chosen period that envy has treasured up the most barbed arrow in its whole quiver: anger puts a man out of himself; but the truly malicious generally preserve the appearance of self-possession, or they could not so effectually injure: anger talks loudly of its own wrongs; envy of its adversary's injustice: anger is a violent act; envy a constant habit: no one can be always angry, but he may be always envious.

An angry man's enmity (if he be generous) will subside when the object of his resentment becomes unfortunate; but the envious man can extract food for his malice out of calamity itself, if he finds his adversary bears it with dignity, or is pitted or assisted in it.

The rage of the passionate man is totally extinguished by the death of his enemy; but the hatred of the malicious is not buried even in the grave of his rival; he will envy the good name he has left behind him: he will envy him the tears of his widow, the prosperity of his children, the esteem of his friends, the praises of his epitaph; nay, the very magnificence of his funeral.

STRANGE CONSANGUINITY.

(From the *Lynchburgh Gazette*.)

IN an adjoining county to this, (Campbell) there exists a connection between two families, formed by marriages, for which perhaps, no precedents can be found from Adam down to the present day.—

If any of your readers can state the consanguinity of the offspring of the two parties, no doubt it will afford some amusement to the lovers of riddles.

A Mr. Palmore married the daughter of W. Westbrook, and the said Westbrook married the daughter of said Palmore—two of Palmore's sons married daughters of said Westbrook, and two of Westbrook's sons married daughters of said Palmore.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF GOOD AND ILL FORTUNE.

ON PARTICULAR DAYS.

ANTIPATER Sidonius the poet, throughout the whole space of his life, every year, for one day only, that is, the day whereon he was born, was seized with a fever; and when he had lived to a great age, by the certain return of his wonted disease, he died upon his birth-day.

The emperor Charles the 5th was born on the day of Matthias the apostle, on which day also, in the course of his life, was king Francis taken by him in battle, and the victory likewise won at Biccoque; he was also elected and crowned emperor on the same day, and many other great fortunes befel him still on that day.

M. Otilius Hilares, an actor of comedies, after he had highly pleased the people upon his birth-day, kept a feast in his own house, and when supper was set forth upon the table, he called for a mess of hot broth to sup off; and withal casting his eye upon the visor he had worn that day in the play, he fitted it again to his face, and taking off the garland, which he wore upon his bare head, he set it thereupon; in this posture, disguised as he sat, he was stark dead, and cold too, before any person in the company perceived any such thing.

King Philip of Macedon used to celebrate his birth day with extraordinary joy, as the most favorable and fortunate to him of all other. For once upon that day, he had a triplcity of good tidings, that he was victor in the chariot race in the Olympic games, that Parmenio his general had gained a most important victory; and that the queen of Olympus was delivered of a son Alexander.

It is worthy to be remembered, that Thursday was observed to be a day fatal to K. Henry the 8th, and to all his posterity; for he himself died on Thursday the 28th of January; K. Edward the 6th, on Thursday the 9th of July; Q. Mary on Thursday, the 17th of November; and Q. Elizabeth, on Thursday the 24th of March.

Franciscus Baudinus, an abbot, a citizen of Florence, and well known in the court of Rome, died upon the anniversary

ry return of his birth-day, which was upon the 19th of December; he was buried in the church of St. Silvester in Rome; and it was the observation of him that made his funeral elegy, that the number nine did four times happen remarkably in his affairs, he was born on the 19th and died on the same, being aged twenty-nine, in the year 1579.

Wednesday is said to have been fortunate to pope Sixtus the fifth, for on that day he was born, on the same day made a monk, on that day created general of his order, on the same made cardinal, then chosen pope, and finally on the same was inaugurated.

(From the Providence Gazette.)

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

SOLOMON.

IN the moral discipline of children strict attention should be paid to their dispositions, which are nearly as various as their faces. For the sake of brevity however, I shall class them under the following general heads—the mild and tractable—the dull and inattentive—and the obstinate or perverse.

Children of mild dispositions should be treated with gentleness—we should govern them not by harshness, but by affection; and lead them into the paths of virtue and goodness. To such the good advice and good example of parents is alone necessary. The dull and inattentive require other methods—they must be spurred on by more violent means. With this description of children severity is sometimes necessary. With them, *he that spareth the rod, hateth his son*—and they must sometimes be aroused from their lethargic habits by harshness in their monitors. To treat them constantly with mildness and affection, would be to sing a continual lullaby to the idle habits of their minds.

The obstinate and perverse are the most unmanageable of the different classes of children; and it is necessary to try different experiments in governing them.—On some, the rod will pro-

duce good effects—on others, just the contrary—as it will cause them to hate the hand which corrects them. The most effectual mode of treatment is to endeavor to gain their esteem and friendship—to show them the beauty of virtue, not by precept, but by example. It will not do to say them, “wretch! this is villainy, and this is sin”—their perverse natures will rebel against reproof or admonition. Advice, if directed to the root of their vices, will disgust them—they must be caught by the more circuitous mode of fable and parable. To tell them of the detestable complexion of their own wickedness, will confirm them in their abominable courses—but if we expose it in a third person, they may be brought to see its enormity.

It will be perceived that I here address myself only to such parents as are anxious about the welfare of their children; not to those who deserve all the punishments their children receive—who train them up in vice, and endeavor to justify every villainy of which they are guilty. It would be labor in vain to remonstrate with such persons. If they have the worst of children, and you tell them so, you make them your enemy. They will justify their children in all their aberrations from the standard of virtue, and are not convinced of their errors till they arrive at the gallows.

AN INNOCENT THIEF.

A Cavalry officer having had his horse stolen, went about the street enquiring after him. One said, it was your own fault,—why did not you take care of him? Another remarked, it must have been the negligence of his slave, in not locking the door; while a third said, the porter of your inn was in fault, in not locking the gate. “*Very true,*” said the officer, “*very true, I find we are the only persons guilty of offence, and that the thief alone is free from fault.*”

LIKE FOR LIKE.

A Farmer, who had promised to marry a girl without a fortune, afterwards gave his hand to another who was very rich; and endeavoring to vindicate his conduct to the rector of the

parish, the doctor said, “Such an action as he had been guilty of did not admit of any palliation,—for it was so wrong so palpably wrong, that *he really did not know any thing like it.*” “But I do though,” replied the farmer, “it is like your taking a poor living at first, and leaving it for a richer as soon as ever it fell in your way.”

ALL MEN ARE SLAVES.

THAT the fair sex are supreme sovereigns of the universe, can never be doubted. Man has no will of his own but what woman delegates to him; she moulds him as she pleases; he seems most happy if but permitted to become her vassal, and she deposes and disposes of him according to her will and pleasure.

A smile of approbation, or the squeeze of the lovely hand of a charming woman, will immediately procure thousands of volunteers ready to undertake the most dangerous and hazardous enterprises, if sanctioned by her enchanting fiat; such enviable distinctions will create cowards into heroes, who are ever willing to risque every thing under the fair one's banner.

We whine, we tremble, we sigh at the fair one's feet for days, years and ages, supplicating. Some will perhaps say, the most trifling favors in the humblest manner: heavenly woman's distinctions and favors are almost inestimable: therefore, as such, ought always to be considered of a sublime and fascinating nature. I sincerely pity those, if any such there are, who do not possess a sublimity of ideas to enable them to adore and value the charms and attractions of the fair; for 'tis they only who can expand and enlighten our minds and ideas. It is the bewitching eye, the enchanting features, the soft and delicate complexion, the charming symmetry, and the tout ensemble of divine woman; that taketh, at pleasure the soul of man by surprise, and renders him a prisoner. Man as the humblest slave, is most happy in her chains; nor would he exchange them for fetters of gold. By enjoying her charms, he is possess of unspeakable bliss; for on divine woman depends the principle pleasures of life.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, May 18, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 39 persons during the week ending on Saturday last

Of CONSUMPTION 4—apoplexy 1—cancer 1—childbed 1—cholera 1—decay 4—decline 1—dropsy 4—dropsy in the head 1—typhus fever 2—flux 2—hives 1—inflammation of the liver 1—inflammation of the lungs 1—old age 2—peripneumony 1—pleurisy 2—scrofula 1—small pox 1—still born 2—sudden death 1—syphilis 3—and 1 of worms.

Of whom 18 were men—10 women—7 boys—and 9 girls.

Of whom 7 were of and under the age of one year, 3 between 1 and 2—3 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—3 between 10 and 20—4 between 20 and 30—5 between 30 and 40—6 between 40 and 50—3 between 50 and 60—2 between 60 and 70—and 2 between 70 and 80.

From a London Paper.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

The entertainment given by their Majesties on Monday evening, was certainly the most magnificent of any that has taken place since they came to the throne. It has been in contemplation since they first went to reside in the Castle, when his majesty determined to have, what is generally termed, among good old English customs, a *house warming*, and to give it in the grandeur of a king, and not for the introduction of the infant princess Charlotte of Wales, or the celebration of one of the prince's (the duke of Cambridge) birth day, as has been erroneously and without any foundation stated.—His majesty having this entertainment in contemplation for some time past, was the cause of so many of the royal family's birthdays passing unnoticed; his majesty having determined that their celebration should be all combined in this entertainment. Much has, likewise, growdlessly been said

about the preparations being under the direction of the princess Elizabeth. Her royal highness, no doubt, is mistress of several of the fine arts, and is extremely tasty in all her arrangements; but any person, who weighed the importance of this entertainment for a moment, would not have given the management to her royal highness, when we assert, that the expenditure cannot have cost less than 30,000l. It may truly be said it was his majesty's fete, for, every thing has been done by the direction, and under the superintendence of his majesty, from the preparation of the fitting up of the rooms, to the arrangement for the company to enter the Castle.

During the time Mr. Wyatt was fitting up the rooms, his majesty had the entertainment in his mind, and gave directions accordingly, and for months past, Mr. Gilbert, the silversmith of London, has been preparing a new service of plate, valued, we understand, at between 20 and 30,000l.; the whole service of plate displayed on Monday night was supposed to be the most magnificent in Europe. Messrs. Hancock and Shepherd, of London, with a number of assistants, have been employed for a considerable time past in hanging the silver chandeliers from Hanover and other ornaments. Messrs. Parker and Perry, of London, have for these twelve months been preparing chandeliers and lustres, to the amount of several thousand pounds; in fact, every eminent manufacturer and artist in London was called in, and no expense was spared for this kingly banquet.

About a month or three weeks since, 49 persons were invited, besides the Royal Family, the Ministers and Officers of State.

The fame of the magnificence of this Fete having spread throughout the country, the Earl of Wilton came to London, from his seat in Lincolnshire, on purpose to be present, and others have arrived within these few days from equally distant parts. All has been bustle in London for some time with the fancy dress makers, milliners, tailors, &c. &c. more so than if it was a birth day that was approaching.—Numbers of the Noble Families hired houses in Windsor and Eton, and went from London and other parts in very grand style, in carriages and six, with four,

five, and six outriders, which was a style certainly very proper for the occasion.

About seven o'clock the company began to assemble, and about eight the Concert commenced.

The Ball was opened precisely at a quarter past nine, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and the Princess of Wales, to the tune of "*The Weymouth Fete*." Twenty couple stood up to the first dance.—

There were only six country dances all the evening, till towards the conclusion, when there were about thirty couples "on the light fantastic toe." The King and Queen were highly delighted, and in a great flow of spirits. Her Majesty remained in the Ball room during the whole of the dancing. His Majesty passed a part of the time in the Concert room. Refreshments of tea, coffee, lemonade, &c. were plentifully served round to the company.

The floor was painted with most fanciful and appropriate devices, by an eminent artist, instead of being chalked. The room was illuminated with three very large silver chandeliers, eight candles in each; the silver of each weighing about 120lbs. they have been repaired and new beautified in the most tasteful manner.—Four elegant silver sconces were hung round the room.

The attention of the company appeared the most arrested to the novel and very grand appearance of four silver tables, between each window. Two of them came from Hanover, and have been repaired and beautified for this occasion.—Under their centre are the Hanoverian arms, borne by a horse, and the feet of the tables represent lions paws. The other two tables one of them was presented by the Corporation of the City of London to King William, and the other by the same body to queen Anne.—The magnificence of the effect of that table was considerably heightened by four most elegant pier glasses over each table, with silver frames, from Hanover, which have likewise been cleaned and beautified. The effect of this brilliant display of silver, by candle light, is better conceived than can possibly be described by the pen. This room might justly be called the silver room. Four large and very ele-

gant solid silver dogs were used in the fire place for burning wood, instead of coals; but there was not much occasion for fire; the heat produced by the candles, and the number of persons present, rendered the room sufficiently warm.

Their Majesties and the Royal family supped in the guard room. As upon all public occasions, a table was set apart for the Royal Family only, it being contrary to the etiquette for any subject to sit at the same table with the Sovereign. The table at which they supped was elevated upon a temporary platform raised about six or eight inches from the floor, for the purpose of enabling the Royal Family to behold their company with the greater ease, and to gratify the curiosity of their guests in beholding them with the greater ease. Two tables were laid on each side of the room, which held about sixty each. The plate on the Royal table was entirely gold—the whole service new for the occasion. Nothing but silver was used at all the other tables; the whole together, with all the company being in new dresses, had the most splendid effect possible.

It will be needless to add that a profusion of the most choice delicacies were provided; Messrs. Fitzwater, Barket, and Weten (their Majesties confectioners), having received unlimited orders with their instructions; but great praise is due to his Majesty for the excellent pattern set by him to his subjects in not having any forced fruits upon his tables; and we hope this will operate as a lesson upon our fashionable ladies the ensuing season. The fruits upon the tables consisted of pine apples, pears, apples of various sorts, and dried fruits. The beautiful damask table cloths which covered the tables, with the Royal arms wove in them, with very tasteful and elegant borders, the fineness of which attracted the attention of most of the female part of the company, and the honor done them will be very great, when we inform our readers they were spun by the royal hands of the lovely Princesses—an example of industry well worth following by the British fair.

Eighty of the young Gentlemen of Eton School attended. His Majesty condescended to go to the college to invite them; they supped in the Grand Hall upon the ground floor. The young Gentlemen, (most of them were young Noblemen), their parents furnished them with new clothes on the occasion. —They were waited on at supper by

the royal servants, dressed in full court liveries.

All the royal Family were present, except the prince of Wales and duke of Clarence.

There were between five and six hundred silver branches hung in various parts of the Castle. At supper upwards of 250 doz. of silver plates were used, and a similar number of silver knives and forks.

The new service of plate, and other plate sent from London, was of such an enormous weight; three waggons were obliged to be employed to convey it to Windsor.

We do not wish to make exceptions among such a great and distinguished party; but we think the hon. Miss Fitzroy was the most elegant and attractive both in person and manner of all the noble visitors present. The three ladies Townshend, the two Miss Fieldings, and the three ladies Thynne, had also so many concomitant charms, that we were at a loss to whom to give the palm.

Never was there a greater reciprocity of every amiable quality which could render such a distinguished society happy. From their Majesties, through every gradation of the noble visitors, there was the laudable spirit of pleasing.

Ostrich feathers, to the number of eight or nine, were universally worn; and diamonds in profusion. Taste was stretched to the utmost limit, to invent new dresses. Embroidery for her Majesty's birth day had gone through the changes of Mosaic, Etruscan, a la Grecque, Egyptian, &c. &c. &c. but a new field was opened in draperies. Happy the artist who, by concealing one part of the form, displayed another to greater advantage. Those that flowed from the shoulder were uncommonly elegant and graceful. They were principally of white satin, ornamented with gold, silver and diamonds. The velvet dresses, richly embroidered and clasped, down the front, reminded us of the dresses worn in days of yore, nor could we help thinking that the beauties of the reign of George the III. might dispute the apple with those so celebrated in the reign of Charles the II.

For some days previous, every bed and other accommodation which could be procured in Windsor, were engaged. Every inn was completely filled on Sunday evening; and on Monday the carriages were driven in from all quarters. At night the town was all bustle, the streets filled with carriages, and several thousands of spectators who collected from all parts to be present at this festive scene.

MAKRIED.

On Monday evening, the 6th. Mr James Thompson, Bookseller, to Miss Margaret Brown.

On Monday last, at Camperdown, N.J. Captain George Pelor, to Mrs. Euphar Read, Daughter of Capt. James Deas, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Samuel Clark, of George Town, Merchant, to Miss Laura Graham, of this city.

On Thursday last, Mr. Isaac Terhune of Gravesend L. I. to Miss Eliza Vandyke, daughter of Col. Vandyke of Brunswick, (N. J.)

DIED.

On Tuesday morning Mr. Henry Whitman, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city, aged 79 years.

Mr. HOGG respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his *Benefit* is fixed for Monday next, the 20th inst. when will be presented the much admired Comedy of,

The Poor Gentleman.

After which, PHANTASMAGORIA, Consisting of Songs, Recitations, &c.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

An Afterpiece, entitled,

CROCHET LODGE

J. HEWITT respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his *Benefit* will be on Wednesday next, the 22d inst. when will be presented, for the second time, the favorite new Comedy, called,

THE BLIND BARGAIN.

To which will be added,

An Opera, in two acts, called, THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

Under the patronage of the Most Worshipful, the Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of the State of N. York, of the most ancient and honorable Fraternity of free and accepted Masons, and for the Benefit of Brother TURNBULL and Mr. RINGWOOD, on Friday evening May 24th, 1805, will be presented, a Comedy, called, THE CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS. After which, a Pantomime, in 3 acts, composed by J. D. Turnbull, called, THE MAID OF HUNGARY, with other entertainments.

THE VISITOR.



THE THREE SIGHS.

OR, SORROW, HOPE, AND BLISS.

NEAR yonder cliff there stands a cot
Long favor'd by the foaming tide;
When Edward left the much-lov'd spot,
With parting kiss fair Anna sigh'd,---
"With Edward's presence bless'd to-day,
"But sad will be to-morrow:
"Adieu! adieu!"---she scarce could say,
And heav'd the sigh of Sorrow.

Some months had pass'd in silent grief,
When Reason's voice resum'd its sway;
She knew complaint ne'er gave relief,
So grew resign'd from day to day.
Of from the cliff she'd plaintive cry,---
"He may return to-morrow!"---
While thus she sang, Hope's rising sigh
Reliev'd the sigh of Sorrow.

And now the vessel homeward steer'd,
She saw the well-known token wave---
(The faithful sign her bosom cheer'd)
The token she at parting gave,
Fond Edward cried, with ardent kiss,---
"Thou shalt be mine to-morrow!"---
While thus he spake, the sigh of Bliss
Dispell'd the sigh of Sorrow.

THE TEST OF VIRTUE.

The following is copied from the *Biography*
of *HUGH BORN, Esq.*---to whom a-
mong others have been attributed the
justly admired letters of *Junius*.

"With his friend I was sitting in the sick room, when
suddenly raising himself in his bed he called us near
him; and with a tremulous voice, though with a
composure and clearness seldom attainable in such
situations, spoke the following lines:

IN life's gay flow, when all obey
The sprightly notes of pleasure's call,
Can then the faithful mirror say,
I show a just original?

In scenes of power, and pomp, and place,
Where proud ambition's votaries bow,
Can there the mirror's shining face
Of life a true resemblance show?

No! 'tis not where ambition's hand
Sweeps o'er the polish rough and warm;
Nor where keen pleasure's sighs demand
Her flattering images to form.

'Tis there, where with reflection's aid,
And purified by pain,
Man contemplates his sickly bed---
The mirror then shines plain!

"He would have proceeded, but his feelings were
unable to bear those reflections which he had already
conjured up: he burst into a flood of tears, and reclin-
ed again on his pillow."---A few days after this Mr.
Boyd expired.

THE FASHIONABLE LOVER.

MARIA I'm resolv'd to tell my pain;
In spite of diffidence it must be told:
Torment, you know, will make the dumb complain;
For instance, Balaam's cudgell'd ass of old.

Then oh! attend, thou fairest of the fair!
Let one sweet smile a ray of hope impart!
In pity listen to my humble prayer,
And banish sorrow from my aching heart!

'Tis not thy pouting lip of roseate dye,
Nor breasts, where all the loves delighted rove;
Nor the blue languish of thy speaking eye,
That in my bosom rais'd the flame of love.

Thy lip, and breast, and eye, I much admire:
But charms less transient rob my soul of rest---
Thy gold, thy guineas, set my heart on fire;
I long to rummage---thy papa's old chest.

But different eyes are struck with different charms;
Here's Damon, pierc'd by Cupid's poison'd dart,
Would gladly take you to his longing arms,
And ask no portion with you---but a heart.

Then pray, Maria, let him have his whim,
And likewise pity my poor tortur'd breast;
To me your money give---yourself to him,
And make at once a couple of us blest.

EPITAPH.

In the old church of *Hariton* in *Cam-*
bridge-shire, still remains in good preser-
vation, a fine monument to the memory of
the famous *Physician Dr. Thomas Fryer*,
with the following singular lines:---

INCLOISTER'D in these piles of stone,
The reliques of this *Fryer* rest,
"Whose better part to Heaven's gone;
"The poor man's bowels were his chest;
"And mongst these three, *Grave*, *Heaven*,
Poor,
"He shar'd his *Corps*, his *Soul*, his *store*."



N. SMITH,
Chymical Perfumer from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so
well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples,
redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whiten-
ing and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and
is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving---with
printed directions---6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quitesmooth, 2s.---4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his employers and
the public in general, that he will continue his School at
No. 17 Banker-Street as usual; and will open another
the first of May, in that spacious, airy and beautiful
House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Or-
chard-Streets, now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has
employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abil-
ities are adequate to the task of teaching English Lit-
erature in its various branches. The subscriber will
superintend both schools, and make it the object of his an-
bition to regular instruction particularly useful to em-
ployers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every
respect relating to Science, Morality and the civil de-
velopment of his pupils. The subscriber purposed living
at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate sev-
eral genteel boarders, the house being very roomy, and
therewith a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered
with grass, and shaded with the cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL.

No. 17, Banker-Street, New-York.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages,
Indentures, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Powers, Bonds,
&c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

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